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Student Recital Is Program of Music; Many Are Present

Reviewed by Catherine James

A gratifying and appreciative audience assembled in Little Theatre on Tuesday evening of October the 17th, for the first student recital of the season. They were not disappointed. For the initial performance, this recital upheld the high standards of professional ability and poise established in last year's series. The trying elements of recitals are well recognized, and it is with admiration that we review the work of Tuesday night.

The recital opened with a piano solo, the familiar "Liebestraum" of Liszt, played by Roy White. The slow thoughtful passages were interpreted with expression; the cadenzas, nicely done, serving as brilliant contrast.

Of different mood was Rheinberger's "The Chase" by Roberta Christy. The well defined rhythm and imitation of the call to the hunt were decidedly evident in her interpretation.

"Do Not Go My Love" and "Cun-nin' Little Thing" by Hageman, were sung by Miriam Prior, alto, accompanied by Mr. Lyon. The smooth legato of her first number as well as the ease and clarity of enunciation throughout, added greatly to the enjoyment.

Lorraine Johnston, graduate student and lyric soprano of outstanding ability, manifested her versatility in the admirable rendition of the difficult operatic number, "Micaela's Air" from "Carmen", by Bizet.

A group of three numbers suited to the rich contralto of Pauline Craig were well received. "Possession", by Sharp, "The Leaves and The Wind" by Leoni, and "The Eagle", by Busch, composed this group. Especially appropriate was the second of this set, charming in its gay abandon. Mention should be made of Mr. Lyon, whose expert accompanying so greatly adds to the beauty of the work.

An instrumental treat was furnished by Richard Otto in the beloved excerpt from Wagner's "Tannhauser", "Evening Star". The tone quality attained in this trombone solo, together with finished interpretation was delightful.

Chopin's "Valse", Op. 70, No. 2, played by Marian Taber, was a fine display of interpretation made possible through proficiency of technique.

A difficult piece of work was "Vorspiel" from Bruch's Concerto for violin in G-minor, played by Clyde Owens, violinist of ability. Elva Gross furnished the ticklish piano accompaniment. The technical obstacles encountered in great width of range, were well managed, and the spirited attacks of the soloist brought out the brilliance of the piece.

Phyllis Crandall caught the elusive charm of Debussy which is woven into "Arabesque", and gave it to her audience.

A fitting close to the hour's varied program was the brass quartet: Richard Otto and Miles Lombard, trombones; Willard Musser and Carmen Caizza, trumpets; Frances Alexander, accompanist. The instruments were nicely blended, and Bantock's "Requiem" was excellently done. The brass quartet lent itself especially well to the spirit of majesty exemplified in the final number, "Mountains" by Rasbach.

An even larger attendance for future recitals is desired. All recitals will begin promptly at eight fifteen and much annoyance will be avoided if Little Theatre goes are prompt.

Ithaca and Cortland Play 6-6 Tie; Cortland Makes First Touchdown; Clark Scores For Ithaca College

Lyon Bogart Gets Masters Degree at Michigan Univ.

Lynn Bogart, member of the Ithaca College Faculty, received the degree, Master of Music, from the University of Michigan, this past summer with a major in violin and a minor in theory. He has spent three summers at Ann Arbor working for this degree.

Mr. Bogart was graduated from the Ithaca Conservatory of Music in 1926 with a Bachelor of Music degree, and has been a member of the faculty since 1924, teaching violin and theoretical subjects.

The students who have come in contact with Mr. Bogart regard him with a great deal of esteem and recognize him as a violinist of first rank. He holds an enviable position as one of the most popular professors on this campus.

During his study at Michigan, he frequently appeared on faculty concerts which were given weekly, and he also presented a recital. His program was as follows:

Sonata, Opus 24 Lazzari
Concerto in D Major Tchaikowsky
Sixth Sonata in E Major Bach
Lotus Land Scott-Kreisler
Vogel als Prophet Schumann
Caprice in E Major
..... Wieniawski-Kreisler
Perpetuum Mobile Novacek

DELTA PHI SORORITY HAS HOUSE OPENING

On this past Thursday evening, October 12th, the girls living in the Delta Phi house greeted many old friends and became acquainted with many new friends at their formal house opening.

The guests were welcomed by the house-president, Miss Dorothy Garber, Miss Emily Dwyer, chapter president, and Mrs. Susan Harris, chapter one. The girls, very gracious hostesses, conducted the guests through the rooms which were charmingly furnished. Following the inspection of the house, the guests were taken to the parlor where Dean Powell and Miss Coatman poured coffee which was served by the girls.

SIGMA ALPHA IOTA HAS OPEN HOUSE

Sigma Alpha Iota entertained the faculty and student body at open house on Wednesday, October 18. Miss Gertrude Evans, national president, Grace Van Zant, chapter president, Leah Pfaffenbach, house president, and Mother Mulks received the guests. Following a tour of the house, the guests were served punch and wafers in the dining room.

From all reports, Sigma Alpha Iota girls have reason to be proud of so attractive, charming, and dignified a house. There is the distinction of being the only women's fraternity on the campus to own its own house.

MU PHI EPSILON TEA SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22

Mu Phi Epsilon Sorority extends a cordial invitation to all students and members of the faculty to attend a tea given in honor of the new students on Sunday, Oct. 22, from three until five o'clock, in Westminster Hall.

I. C. SCORES SECOND TIME ARGUMENT FOLLOWS PLAY; DECLARED ILLEGAL

Ithacans to Play Alfred In Night Game Tomorrow Night

By Metcalf J. Palmer

In a game that supplied the spectators with thrills, punts, passes and an occasional argument, the Blue and Gold of Ithaca College battled the Cortland State Teachers eleven to a 6-6 deadlock at Cortland, Saturday.

Both teams enabled themselves to break into the scoring column by taking advantage of the breaks offered by the opposition.

Cortland was the recipient of the first break when Patrick, in an attempt to catch Adessa's punt, was blinded by the sun. The ball hit Patrick and rolled to the Ithaca eighteen yard line where it was recorded by Cortland. The Teachers were not long in taking advantage of this first period break. Adessa netted Cortland a fifteen yard gain as he dashed around right end. Bergstrom then escorted the pigskin across the last white marks for a touchdown. Hickey blocked the attempt for extra point. Bergstrom's touchdown put Cortland in front 6-0.

Cortland's lead was soon reduced to naught in the second quarter. Sawyer intercepted Elkin's pass and then tossed a thirty yard gainer to Hatch. The ball grounded but the referee allowed that Hatch had been interfered with. This decision gave Ithaca possession of the ball on the Teachers ten yard line. Hatch slid off tackle for a seven yard gain and immediately afterwards, Clark plunged his way over center for the Ithaca score. Strewing blocked Sawyer's attempt for extra point and the score remained 6-6.

From this point on, the two teams battled to nearly even terms until the closing minutes of play when the Ithaca offense seemed to gain new life.

With but two minutes left to play and the ball at midfield, Patrick heaved a 30 yard pass that was gathered in nicely by Callaghan. Hatch hit tackle for another first down. Sawyer picked up seven yards on a reverse lateral. An attempt at tackle failed to gain. With but three yards to go for touchdown, Patrick tossed a lateral to Sawyer who scampered across the goal line with the apparent winning points. However, the play was called back by the referee who allowed it was a forward pass and not a lateral and therefore illegal. The head linesman then ruled it was fourth instead of third down. Both many spectators and the Ithaca team thought it third down. A somewhat heated argument followed and, as usual, the officials won.

After this decision, time was so limited that neither team had a possible chance to score. When the final whistle blew, allowing the dust to settle, the scoreboard read as follows: Ithaca College 6—Cortland 6.

This Saturday the Blue and Gold pigskin toters play Alfred at Alfred in a night game. It will be the first time in the history of Ithaca College that the boys who represent our alma mater have played under lights.

W. C. R's. New Play

Rehearsals for "Red Harvest" have been going on day and night for the past week. The first performance will be Friday, November 10

An Alumnus of I. C. Gets Position in Ballston Lake H. S.

This letter came to the "Ithacan" from Ray Benjamin, an alumnus of Ithaca College. We are pleased that he has a good position. We know he will be an efficient director.

R. D. 5, Box 119
Schenectady, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Hill:

I am sure that you and the rest of my friends at Ithaca College will be happy to learn that I am now the Physical Director in the Burnt Hill Ballston Lake High School.

I have a wonderful new school and will be their first Physical Director. They have had representative teams but they were coached by some member of the faculty. I am to coach Basketball, Baseball and Cross Country, and handle the children from the fifth grade up.

They are not, at this time tolerant of the Rogers program of tests and segregation. I will, however, gradually attempt to win them over to our side.

You will be amused to learn the circumstances under which I was placed. There had been 32 applicants for the position—men with master degrees and years of experience. These had been weeded down to three,—one of whom was my pal, Crawley; who had several influential men pulling strings for him. I heard of the job on a Sunday—the board was meeting on Monday to decide on these three. I walked in on the meeting and in 30 minutes sold myself.

You may give this to the school paper if you care to do so, and tell my friends to drop in to see my ideal situation.

I hope to keep in touch with you and Mr. Yavits, and by spring, there may be a possibility of sending a testing group down to me.

Yours truly,
Ray Benjamin.

S. A. I. GIRLS ARE ACTIVE ON PROGRAMS

On the auspicious evening of Friday the 13th, a group of college musicians were soloists at the Harvest Festival held at Danby. • Frances Napoleon, accompanied by Elva Gross was violin soloist. Richard Otto, accompanied by Catherine James, was trombone soloist and Edna Earl Furr was the vocalist of the evening. Elva Gross played a piano solo.

Sigma Alpha Iota has been happy to entertain two of its former residents, recently. Mrs. Virginia Buckley (Virginia May), now residing in Pittsburg, spent several days here last week.

Miss Barbara Goldwaite, music supervisor at Richmond Springs, spent last week end at the chapter house.

Coming Events

Sunday, October 22
Mu Phi Epsilon Tea at Westminster Hall.
Monday, October 23
Westminster Hall House Opening from 8:00 to 10:00 P. M.
Thursday, October 26
Phi Mu Alpha House opening—8:00 to 10:00 p.m.
Friday, October 27
Amard Hallow'en Party for the Dramatic Department.
Sunday, October 29
Delta Psi Kappa Tea

Frosh Victorious Over Sophomores at Thurs. Jamboree

On Thursday afternoon, October 19, a small but enthusiastic crowd assembled at Percy Field to watch the Frosh trounce the Sophomores in the annual Jamboree. Starting off strong by taking first place in the three-legged race, the Frosh continued to pile up a convincing score. When the last event had been run off, Student Council President, Bill Petty, announced that the Frosh had taken three events; the Sophomores had one to their credit, one event being tied. The tug-o-war, which promised to be an exciting event, resulted in a failure, because the rope broke. The Sophomores voiced some dissatisfaction over the final score, but the results stood as announced.

By virtue of this win over the Sophomores, the Freshmen will be allowed to discontinue wearing their caps—after Christmas vacation.

Library Has Exhibit Of Modern Novels

Although the Depression has supposedly created more leisure hours, it seems that it has taken away most of the free hours of students. They now have to fill their unscheduled hours with any sort of work which will pay for their daily needs. Consequently they do not have time to browse in libraries and find what books they really wish to read. For these students, and for those who have no definite ideas about what they want, the College Library is planning a modest series of exhibits. The aim of these exhibits is to show the students the best books in the library in various fields of literature and by the gentle art of suggestion to tempt them to read good books.

At present there is an exhibit of our best modern fiction. Pearl Buck's "Good Earth", Ellen Glasgow's "Barren Ground" and "The Sheltered Life" are popular. Sinclair Lewis seems to be a favorite among the students and Willa Cather follows as a close second. For those of you who like interesting and fascinating persons, "Joanna Godden", by Sheila Kaye-Smith, is waiting.

The Library wishes to announce that it is now a subscriber to "The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." This publication indexes all the current and better known magazines according to the subjects of their articles. We urge you to consult this index when you desire current material about a subject.


Last year the Senior Class generously gave the Library a sum of money as a parting gift. You might be interested to know that with part of this money "The Cambridge History of English Literature" and "The Cambridge History of American Literature" have been purchased. These new sets make a most valuable addition to the general reference collection and we express our appreciation that this purchase was made possible by the Class of 1933.

I. C. SORORITY TO BE HOSTESS TO STUDENTS

Delta Phi, social sorority of Ithaca College, is honored to serve as hostess of a tea to be given in honor of the New York State Student Conference, taking place at Cornell University. The tea will be held at the Delta Phi house, 504 East Buffalo Street, on Saturday afternoon, October 28, from four to six o'clock.

Delta Phi takes great pleasure in inviting the entire student body and faculty of Ithaca College to attend the tea.

The Ithacan



Friday, October 20, 1933

Published every Thursday at the school year by undergraduates of Ithaca College, Ithaca, New York

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Director of Copy..... ELBA GROSS

This business of trying to please everyone is undoubtedly an art. At the beginning of the year we emphasized the fact that the "Ithacan" is the students' paper. We want the students to make this publication one they can like and enjoy.

In order to create a paper of any interest, we must discover the ever-wavering likes and dislikes of the school. We cannot do this by guessing, but must learn from the students themselves what they want.

And yet I am afraid the majority regard the "Ithacan" as something on which they have no influence — something printed weekly by the "staff."

If they only knew how anxious is that "staff" to have their help and cooperation. If you like things in the paper, tell us so. If you don't like things in the paper, tell us so anyway. That's what we want. And we have been hearing more opinions—good and bad, recently than before, especially since the addition of "Bagatelles" and "Who's Who" to our columns. But we like it. We want more.

There may be those who have clever ideas that would interest the "Ithacan" readers. If so, we want those ideas. Don't hesitate to give them to us.

The "Ithacan" office is quite *in medias res*; so students can conveniently drop in and talk to us.

Fraternity Reporters

Since fraternity reports were dropped because of the trivialities expressed therein, we have heard of hardly any regret at the cut. However, the fraternity reporters were still to contribute any worthwhile items that could be used as news. But they seem to have forgotten all about that. All fraternity material recently published has been gleaned and written up by only a few staff who are not the appointed fraternity reporters. So, those reporters must remember their duty. If they have any material for the personal column they should contribute that also.

Church Goers

By Joseph Short

There's a brilliant glow on the ever-green;
On the maple; on the birch as they
Sway there in the breeze. This day
That the gods have sent—a supreme
Gift to men, the dull, the average,
and the keen
Alike who live mightily, and have
ceased to pray
To their God. But instead they
sway,
Wafted to and fro; emotional streams
Of conscience now and then hie them
yon
To village church; to city temple.
Forgiven sin
A part of the past. A new day dawns
On the blind souls who had entered in
Concrete temples. While the ever-
green and its kin
Pillars of God—Church the fawn.

Shadow On The Wall

By Catherine Frances James

The clock at the foot of the stairs chimed the hour of midnight. Above, on her white four-poster bed, The Girl lay, arms outflung, clothes thrown back—for the night was hot—staring into the darkness. Down the hall, on the one side, came the heavy regular breathing of those long since asleep, while through the open window, on the other, came the teasing plaint of a saxophone with the low rhythmic throb of an orchestra.

Passing cars threw strange patterns of light into the room. She watched them, each successive square, move across the boarded wall, past the blue and red checkered robe hanging on the hook, until it disappeared in a sudden swift descent above the head of her bed. Every now and then the sound of laughter—in little gusts and bursts, like the clear thin notes of a piccolo which soar above the orchestra, and its answering echo of bass—came floating in at the window. Somewhere a cricket chirped.

Lying there, she could picture the moon, not yet full, peering through the darkly outlined trees at the far corner of the house. By raising herself slightly on one elbow, she could see the fitful flash of light, then darkness, light and darkness of the beacon in the lighthouse just beyond the cove.

She felt the witchery of the summer night. It came in through her open window, nor could the four walls of her room bar it out. It was soft, insidious—pressing close around her, enfolding her. It was alive and warm, throbbing and pulsing like the beating of another heart against her breast. The summer night reaching out touched her with its finger-tips. An errant breeze lightly brushed her lips, slightly parted, like the shy first kiss. She stirred restlessly, and moved upon her bed.

Again that throbbing beating rhythm! The young folks at the Yacht Club were holding their weekly dance. She could see them—tall bronzed youths, hardened by much swimming, moving to the measure of the music. A sudden burst of laughter—girls' laughter—young girls, with smooth tanned arms carelessly flung across their partner's shoulder; girls with firm young bodies closely compassed with a band of ribbon on a clinging gown; pretty dainty faces upturned to their partners' or resting snugly on their shoulder as they danced. Firm brown legs incased in silk down to the slender ankles, sheer little twinkling slippers, cunning high heeled slipper deftly sliding across the polished floor with faultless instinct for the boy's lead. Young bodies swaying, bending—tireless feet dancing to the rhythm of the music and to the greater rhythm of the summer night.

Such nights are few. They belong to Youth alone. Maturity can calmly close and lock the doors, pull down the shades and take themselves to bed, where they will close their eyes, and lose themselves in that impenetrable mystery called sleep. The moon, the stars, the breeze, the velvet softness of the night will call in vain. Those dark motionless forms upon the bed will answer not, neither stir nor be disturbed.

But Youth—not thus can Youth ignore the night. Each sound, each stir, each phantom shadow is as a spoken word. Youth listens, hears, and understands. The Girl was young—alive—she saw, she heard, she felt, and the beauty of the night was pain and pleasure. She lay there in the darkness while each fibre of her being thrilled strangely to the call of Youth. Alone in a house of inert dead sleepers, one live burning coal half hidden in the ashes—she tossed.

The hours grew smaller, the night more quiet. Only the cricket, somewhere in the darkness, chirped the louder. Slowly she turned her head. Between her and the open window, in bold relief upon the wall, she saw the Shadow; impregnable, untouched by all the softness of the pleading night, unmoved, unmovable—the shadow of two crutches. Her's!

She closed her eyes—tight shut. Below, the clock which was upon the landing at the foot of the stairs, chimed softly.

Thelma Field Reviews Galsworthy Trilogies

"One More River" brings to a close Galsworthy's trilogies dealing with the history of a typical English family of the upper middle-class. "The Saga", with its three volumes was the first; the second was entitled "A Modern Comedy"; and the final one is named "End of a Chapter."

It is probable that Mr. Galsworthy never dreamed of such a long series of works when he started writing them, but the Forsyte family has lived in literature through the Victorian, thence to the Georgian generation, and finally to the modern generation in the trilogies: "Maid in Waiting," "Flowering Wilderness," and lastly, "One More River."

This last novel is concerned chiefly with two sisters, Dinny and Clare. Clare has left her husband, and Dinny's lover has been drowned. With this situation, Clare furnishes the drama, but Dinny plays a deeper and finer role. Romance is ever present, and Galsworthy, himself, says that dignity, peace and greatness characterize the England which was his love and his concern.

The three trilogies are considered some of the most outstanding works of the twentieth century, and "One More River" is undoubtedly the most inspirational. The world will ever be grateful for this contribution not only to literature, but also to history, regarding the social changes which have taken place. In fact, the Forsytes have stepped out of the pages of the books and become as people that we know.

BAGATELLES

By A. Propos

I looked above me, and in the sky I saw an airplane..... a blazing red one.....and in the street a motor cop rode by.....Way down doth bring.

'Twould be a pretty life if one could attain simplicity.....subtly sustained.....

Have you noticed that all the boys who made a ripple in our fair college are jobless.....those who didn't scratch the surface are on a pay roll.....

Thoughts while lobbying.....

Wonder if this building could have at one time been described as.....Colonial.....with a roccoco splendor.....has all the ear marks.....

Miss Holmes patters through about this time every day.....Wonder how Cornell got so wet.....Di-Nucci lobbies nicely.....Time to go to class.....The lobby's clearing up.....funny how they hang on.....

The fellow who gives his last cigarette away in a grandiose style doesn't click.....strange.....

If I might Winchellize in the correct manner, I might announce some "B. E.'s".....I only heard.....

Christmas vacation is but a day and a week.....And spring Recess is a thing of the past.....or so it seems.....a heavy year on deck.....

Hepburn's protege should be told. Ninesling wants to know.....Will some one tell him?

Laura Knipe is all a-flutter.....and with reason, too.....I think, as do numerous other people, that Autumn is too colorful.....It's such a let down.....

Don't you think so, Dottie?

Will those High School Things that lifted the signs reading; "Quiet, Rehearsal going on" kindly wait to do such things upon their arrival home Christmas time.....The signs are important.....kindly cooperate.....Then there's that matter about people who forget that the Little Theatre stage manager is a lady.....She should be addressed as the correct gentleman would address a lady.....

On the other hand is a he-stage manager considered a gentleman? If not, then is it proper to call a she-stage manager a lady? Ah! Me. 'Tis all very wearisome.....

Walter Hampden's "Ruy Blas" very well done. Hampden's performance might be called a master piece.....He played Ruy Blas and Don Caesar. The two roles were exceedingly difficult.....One would swear that the parts were being played by two different actors.....Rather a shame that Brian Hooker made a slapstick affair of the second act.....Even so, the play was well worth seeing.

The staging was excellent. You mustn't miss Ronald Colman in "The Masquerader." He, also, has a double role to play.....The ladies will.....well.....the ladies will.....

Marian Paltrowitz has signed with a stock company.....so glad.....And Stewie Lindh is about to sign with a band in Albany.....Glad about that, too.....Tom Murray is being blamed for this trash! Fancy.....And when that Irishman gets his Irish up.....The Delta Phi house opening was different.....Awfully encouraging.....
(Continued on page three)

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Dear Cliff:

Coming to work yesterday morning I saw two cops black-jack a hold-up man into a stupor. As he sat propped up against the pillar of a United Cigar store, I was impressed at his neatness and youth. "Not like the typical crook", I thought. Today's newspapers described the fellow as "well-dressed". That set me to thinking back over the incident. What gave him the "well-dressed" look? I decided it was a matter of unity, a matter of balance.

In the first place, he wore a suit that fitted him. Not just a physical fit, but something more. It belonged to his personality, blended in with his hair, eyes, and moustache. The texture was right. The cut was right. The color was right. Bum or no bum, that man had taste. He knew where to order his clothes.

Did you ever watch a group of women buying honey-dew melons? Some of them will go to the first stand they come to, pick the first melon they see, and trust to luck that the thing is worth eating when the time comes to explore the inside. Hit and miss. And that's the way some fellows go about it to select a suit of clothes. They don't realize that one small factor—such as the weight of the material—may create or spoil the unity of their appearance.

Now it's up to a grocer to sell good honey-dew melons. That's his job. And it's the job of a clothier to sell a line of goods that will be adaptable to every customer's personality—whether he is a hold-up man or a student at Ithaca College. And that's a wide range of customers, I should hope.

Let's see: You've been in the clothing business at least 30 years. Nothing fly-by-night or faddish about W. J. Reed, am I right? I've a hunch you've had time to learn the clothing game from A to Z and back again. Right? That's why you're "the man" to see when it comes to clothes.

Yours,
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Rantings and Ruminations

by TOM MURRAY

It is Tuesday, October 17, 1934. My Office is quiet and somewhat peaceful. (My job is that of Dramatic Critic for the Cleveland Plain-Dealer.) I have just finished an exceedingly vitriolic review of Luther Perry's latest stage sensation known as "The Parson's Secret" or "The Return of Joe Morgan's Child". My brain and pen are cooling off a bit for the next little item when the door opens slowly and a rather diminutive miss steps into the smoky lair.

By her shy manner and apologetic look I can readily see that she has come to interview me, and that this is her first assignment. She comes forward to an over-stuffed chair that I push at her. I am as embarrassed as she is, for this is my first interview. She now has her pad out, and is prepared to make notes on any smart thing I may say. Suddenly, I get a really smart idea. Here I am about to be interviewed for the first time in my life—why not have it taken down to put in my autobiography. (I am going to write one some day.) I send for my secretary to record the dialogue that may occur in the little drama which I choose to call "The Embarrassed Moment."

The conversation is as follows; she in her overstuffed chair, and I in my old bucking swivel.

She: When did you first think of being a newspaper man?

He: When I was with The Ithacan. I think that was a great sheet.

She: What was your next job? And how much did you make?

He: With the Journal-News. I heard that I could get about 15 bucks a week—and passes to the Bailey Hall concerts.

She: Has there ever been a time when you have wished that you had followed something else?

He: Yes, I guess so. I watched Mayor Petty, of New York City, lay the corner stone for the new Zoo.

She: Whose zoo?

He: Huh? Aw, skip it.

She: Where did you get your education?

He: I haven't any, Father made the unfortunate mistake of sending me to college.

She: Do you prefer the modern writers? I see that your shelf is crowded with their works.

He: No. I still think that the stuff that Defoe turned out is good. And that guy Swift's travel talks are more thrilling than any of those college boy trips up the royal road.

She: Oh.

He: Maybe you don't understand—but play that you do, That's the thing.

She: Do you ever have interruptions while you are writing your criticisms?

He: Many. But none as interesting as this one.

She: You do seem to be able to flatter.

He: This is nothing—you should hear me when I'm better situated.

She: Please, sir, I'm interviewing you.

He: So you are—well, you asked for it.

She: What is your opinion of modern poetry?

He: Do I have to answer? I once knew a guy at school who—

She: Oh, goody, tell me.

He: I was going to, when you cut me short.

She: Who?

He: You guessed it. Smart kid.

She: Did you have any musical inclination when you were young?

He: Must I pull that old gag about the linoleum?

She: Well, I must be going now.

He: Don't let me scare you—The doctor says I'm quite harmless.

She: Well, thanks for everything.

He: Oh, don't thank me. This is really nothing.

She: You can speak the truth, can't you.

He: I've been known to. But it turned out like our interview—accidental and unfortunate. Now lose me. And with that, I was left alone.

A NOTE

By Jos. A. Short

Pat hadn't slept all night. She knew that weeping was silly. Damn silly. But how was one to find comfort? She felt so all alone. She and Jackie, before Jackie had died, had never known the meaning of alone. Pat said, "Jackie rests there alone, too. He's so sound asleep." Pat had wept over him for hours.

The casket was very pretty, but Pat thought that caskets should be dull and bare. One wouldn't miss them so when they had taken it away. Thought Pat; "I'm going out first." "Seems strange," she said aloud, "that dead people should be glorified with flowers and dainty boxes in which to lie."

Pat was twenty-four, two weeks ago. She and Jackie had had such fun at their party for two. How Jackie had eaten those cakes! It seemed quite unfair that he should never eat any more of them. Only fourteen, too, and she—twenty-four and alone. She used to be alone without knowing it. She knew it now—only too well. . . .

Pat looked around the dismal room. No use staying here. Her work was finished. All done. They would come after Jackie in an hour. They would ship him off to the coast to be buried in the family lot. She went to the casket. She spoke in monotonous tones;

"Bye Jackie. Shame we didn't leave when we had the chance. Together—alive. My fault, you know. I know it, too. We did have such glorious times though, didn't we?" A sob. "Say hell-o to Mother and Dad for me."

She went to the door, opened it, and without looking back walked out of doors.

She thought it a pity that it had to be drizzling so. Jackie's pretty casket would get damp. No chance of him getting damp, though.

Pat called a taxi. She spoke to the driver.

"Drive me to the Pennsy Station."

The taxi drove off. After driving some time it stopped along side of the station. Pat paid the driver. He drove away. Looking in her purse she found she had but fifty cents left. To be sure she had her bank account. . . .

She sat down on a bench nearest to her. She thought of a line she once read;

"Is there an after life—a deathless soul—"

A Heaven to which to aspire—as to a goal?" She doubted it. She didn't know. She hadn't given it much thought. If only she could be sure that one day she would again see and speak to Jackie. Perhaps there are spirits—but maybe they can't talk. They surely must be able to see. Of one thing she was certain—She'd never see or speak to Jackie again on this earth. Pat felt as though she were losing all sanity.

A lady chanced by, selling roses. Jackie had liked roses. He had always insisted on having them on the dinner table. She bought two of them. She had a difficult time finding a pin which she could use for a fastener.

"There, that one will do," she sighed.

She entered the railway building and took the lift to the top floor.

When the two internes picked her up from the sidewalk, they found two yellow roses pinned neatly to her blouse. Underneath the roses was a note. It read;

"Hell-o Jackie."

BAGATELLES

(Continued from page two)

The well attended Student Recital, I mean. . . .

A Vermonter thinks in this issue. . . . One word description of the Williams Hall House Mother: radiant.

We again tie Cortland. . . . 'Tis a habit.

The frost is becoming bitier. . . . school is well under way. . . . Otis Skinner is coming. . . . Will play the play that made B'way famous. . . .

The clock ticks teasingly. . . . 'Tis twilight. . . . Miss Negas looks worried. . . . "Gentlemen, 'Tis dubious."

Curtain.

Musician Reviews Field of Dramatics

Thelma Field Writes of Walter Hampden's Optimistic View of Future of Drama. Legitimate Plays to go on Road

"The road again calls the drama," so says Walter Hampden.

A revival of the legitimate drama is evident in New York with the opening of the theatrical season. Producers are busy rehearsing new plays, and the box office has considerable more business. Of even greater importance is the fact that outside of New York people are "showing eagerness to enjoy stage drama when they can get it of decent quality." Before the motion picture came into existence the stage played the role of the king of amusements. A theatre was the center of activity in each small town and city and the people eagerly awaited the annual visits of famous stars in latest New York plays.

In that day plays were written and produced to appeal to all classes and not for the smart and sophisticated few in New York. A Broadway production was merely preliminary to a tour from coast to coast. All society followed the crowd to the local "opera house" and theatre parties were popular. "People thought theatre, talked theatre, and went to the theatre." It was a great event whenever great personages came to town, and receptions were often held in their honor.

With the coming of the motion picture era not only did interest wane in the drama, but the stage producers failed to meet the situation in a satisfactory way, and films were shown where only plays had previously been given. The great picture theatre circuits followed; huge theatre palaces were built. Plays could book a tour of only a few one-night performances. As a result the few dramatic performances that have gone on the road have had to be satisfied with almost any kind of a building and inadequate facilities with which to stage their plays.

It is Mr. Hampden's belief that the pendulum is swinging back again and that the American people do have a love for the theatre. They are demanding that it be given a new deal. This interest is largely due to civic bodies, cultural movements, schools, and Little Theatre workers. Particularly young people are showing a keen interest in the theatre. They know that they have been denied the opportunity of witnessing great dramas and through the training which they have obtained in schools and colleges realize the share that the drama should play in the proper use of leisure time.

All students who saw Walter Hampden in "Ruy Blas," which played here last week can appreciate all that he has done to aid and further the drama in this country. Ithaca College is doing her share in this undertaking and offers an opportunity for students to see plays enacted by efficient and capable casts, as well as to train people so that they may go out and lend their contribution in raising the drama to its proper level.

Thoughts

Snow. Let us watch the drifting snow, Floating down, to fall below On Mother Earth.

Flames. As they play their nimble games, And die at birth.

Love. Let us lie and dream of love. A gift from gracious God above, To bring content.

—Carlton H. Bentley



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A Take-Off of McIntyre. (after Ring Lardner)

I arise at six each morning,
Put my coffee on the fire
While waiting for its boiling
Read O. O. McIntyre.

Don't ask me what it's like
I have no paper here
But in these lines appending
Try to give you some idear.

Diary of a student's day:

Up and out five minutes after class
had begun, and by foot to the Ideal
where I did partake of my hearty
morning meal.....cider and dough-
nuts.....Arrived class belching, and
was sent home ill, and so to the Home
Dairy to sip me some coffee where I
did meet some of the Biology class,
and so we discussed the Pres. of the
U. S. And then to classes.....and
then to lunch and then to classes.....
To dinner with Pres. Job where I
did sit 'twixt Miss Lowrie and Miss
Coatmen and Tom Mix and we did
talk merrily about the future of the
airplanes in relation to horses.....To
my studies in the evening, where I
did read about the gossip in The His-
tory of William Schnell.....Did
toot my horn 'till early dawn.....and
find that it is with out a reed and so
to bed.....And so classes.....and so
to classes.....and so.....I
watched the people practice teaching
till early dawn and so to bed.....

A TAKE OFF

THINGUMABOBS: I once
walked around Ithaca College for two
days thinking it was a college, and
then I found out it was a school.....
If they both didn't part their hair in
the middle Miss Houston and Jerry
Barnell could easily pass as members
of the Foreign Legion.....One word
description of Mr. Adrian Newens.....
Director.....Madge Pitroff always
wears two left shoes on first nighters
.....There is something about Hugo
Winterhalder that suggests an old
Venetian Garden.....Roy White is
an image of Mae West.....One of my
favorite people is one of my favorite
people.....There's something sad
about the way Olivar Vogts fights.....
If they didn't wear different kinds of
lipstick—the two girls from the hill
wouldn't resemble each other any
more than they do now. Thoughts
while strolling.....I. C. Crooner.....
If they'd paint buildings they would
look as though they had been painted
.....The two surnames of two I. C.
students Sally Osborne and Francis
Alexander begins with the first and
fifteenth letter of the alphabet.....
Walter C. Roberts writer of Western
Story always drinks water in the
morning.....I. C. Crooner.....One
word description of the Director of
the Musical Education Department
.....Dr. Brown.....Mention of the
name of that song Stormy Weather al-
ways reminds me of stormy weather
and I can never figure out why.....
I. C. Crooner.

Insomniacs: When composing a
song Phil Lang never eats anything
that has salt in it.....or anything with
anything in it.....Johnny Gleason
cannot eat upon the arrival of swal-
lows.....or if long tail coat is at the
cleaners.....No person as cute as the
person who is cute.....Mr. Landon
can't give his wig act unless he has
his wigs.....That fellow who was
talking to his girl on the phone.....
and she asked him for a light and he
gave it to her.....That comedy
"Mourning Becomes Electra" will
not be allowed in Granville, N. Y.
Robert Frost never wrote a poem un-
less he be allowed to read the morning
paper in the evening.....Bill Cornell
is graceful because he has learned to
know people.....Cliff Ormsby has
never been known to ask for a cig-
arette. Impossible to have tug-o-war
without rope.

FISTICUFFS ba-gosh

One or two or three of the boys
from the Phy. Ed. School are going
to swap cuffs with some of the C. C. C.
lads. Would like to know the out
come.

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Who's Who On Our "Campus"

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MR. EWING—Voice instructor. Man with the big bass voice. The moralist. Westminster Choir School. A smile for everyone. Has a passion for facial expression—mostly divine. Vague.

ROGER DiNUCCI—the smoother. Finds French terribly difficult. That accent. Plays hot sax. Likes spaghetti. Try to argue with this lad.

GINNA BEELER—blond. Quiet. Intelligent. Lovable—You don't mind, do you Walt?

OSCAR ZIEGLER—piano instructor. Sometimes actually seen about school. The way his eyes stare. Knickers and plaids. Temperamental according to student reports.

WILLIAM NICHOLAS—business manager of "Ithacan." Those brown eyes. Quite the wag. Successful fox hunter.

SALLY OSBORNE—nucleus of drama department. Cheerful and gay. Conscientious worker. Unusual voice. Hello!—Sally.

RUTH BYRNE—poet. Cool and poised. That determined lower lip. Puns. Inverted sense of humor. Independent.

WINNIE NEFF—car driver you may have noticed. Sweet little thing. Quite frail.

EDNA EARLE FURR—delightful little body. Baby voice. Sings. Humorous.

WILLARD MUSSER—President of the Band School. Jams on the jass-horn for Wes Thomas. Will appear in the next Drama production as a bugler. More of the Dutch accent. Fine guy. Quiet. Unassuming.

BEULAH GREEN—"Bunny" to you. And those eyes. Even disposition. Fine sense of humor. Cheerful. Which all means that she is popular.

GEORGE MACDONALD—Phy. Ed. One of those regular guys from Savage. Easy to meet. Keeps up the reputation of the transfers from last year.

MADGE PITROFF — Drama Dept. Has the lead in the next show. A worker. And dependable. Traditionally cheerful.

MRS. BROUGHTON—The grand lady of the drama department. Kind. Gets results with Senior monologues. Shakespere her work and hobby. Years of service to the College. Still can laugh—never heard to complain. Worth knowing.

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